

## JOHNNY'S LETTER



new york—there is nothing so sweet as revenge is old stuff but when you can get revenge & your feller back at the same time, that's a horse of another color.

mrs. medders that lives on 113 st. had a hired gurl that pulled off that stunt & got away with it.

she got the house all scared the other nite by going to the upstairs winder & yelling police! & purty soon the cop comes hussling over & dont find nothing to pinch so he goes away agin

then mrs. medders hunted up the hired girl & says to her what for did you call the police when there wasent annything rong

well, said the girl that cop throwed me over last week for the cook next door & tonite i lamped him in the kitchen with her setting down to a meal & i hollered for the police so he wood come & leeve his dinner

but, replyd mrs. medders, that wont stop him from going back

it wont, wont it, ast the girl, you just wate & see him go back and find the meal all cold, for i know him & nothing makes him sorer than to have to eat cold meals

sure enuff, mrs. medders told my ma just yesterdy that her hired girl was going with that cop agin & the cook next door is makin eyes at the janitor across the way

### OUR DIPPY DICTIONARY

**LUCKY GUY**—A fellow who got something you wanted.

**CON GAME**—See 6-day bike race.

There is many a sight between the bathhouse and the dip.

## CHESTNUT CHARLIE



NOW, WHY IS AN OPERA SINGER LIKE A CONFECTIONER?



### WHAT HE WANTED

"Come in and look over our stock," said the effusive automobile salesman to a prospective customer. "We have lots of good buys."

"Good-byes?" exclaimed the p. c. "Great Scott, man! I've got a good-bye now; what I want is a hello!"